445 4031

Glen. 212

THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady DOROTHEA RUGGLES-BRISE to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major LORD GEORGE STEWART MURRAY, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

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http://www.archive.org/details/colinskissesesett00rugg

Glen 212.

Colin's Kisses.

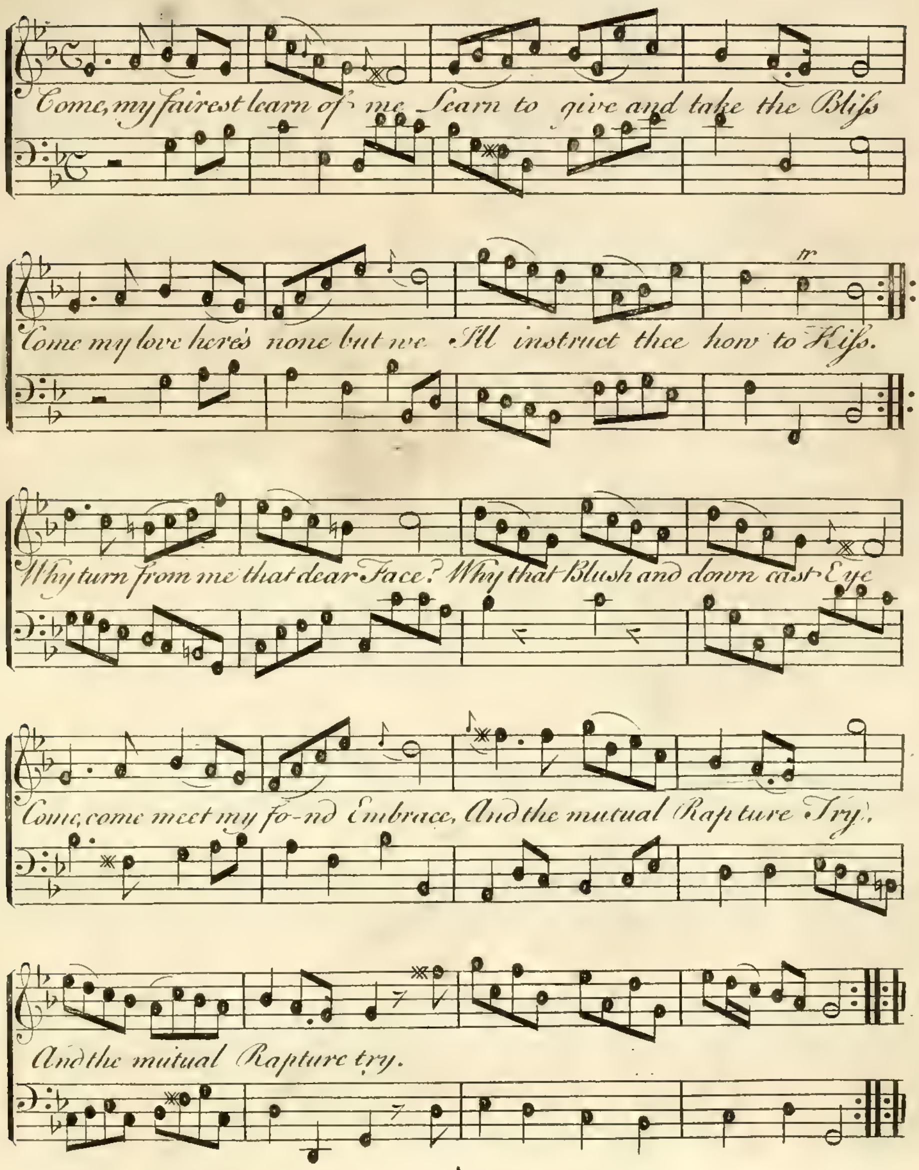
Set to Musick by Mr. Oswald.

Printed in the Year 1743.

F. Hayman Del.

C. Mosley sculp

The Tutor.

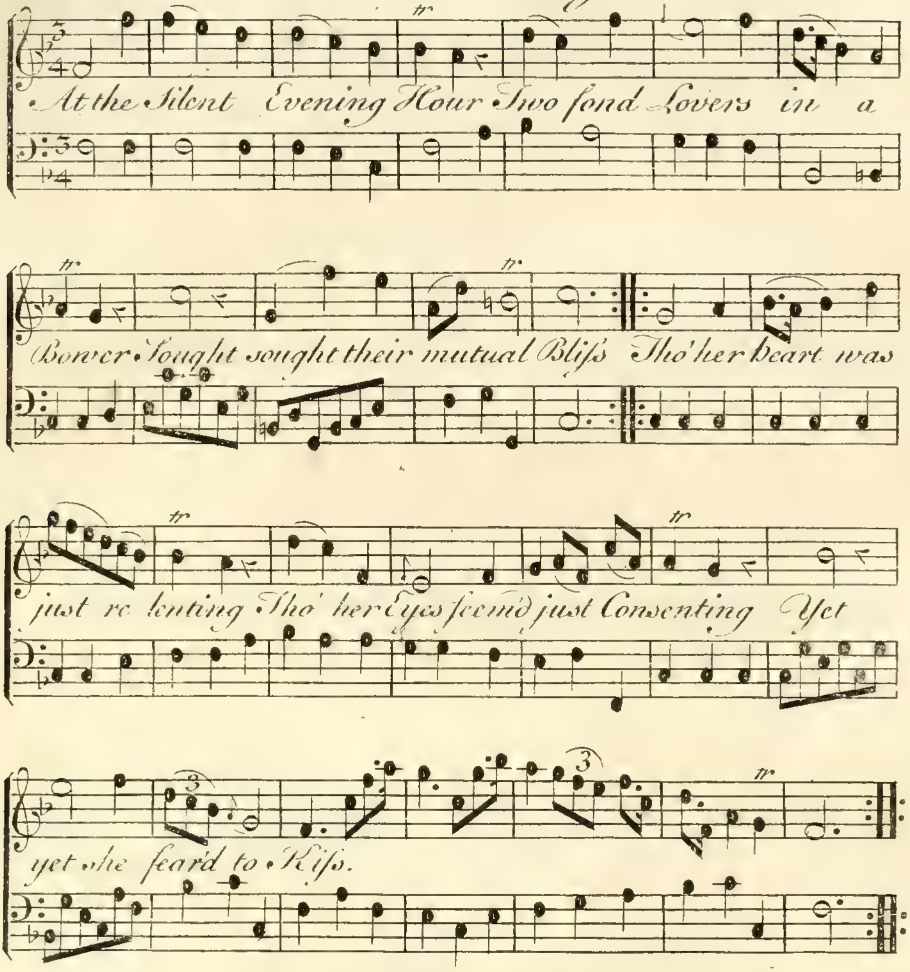


Throw thy Lovely twining Arms—
Round my Neck or round my Waist—
And whilst I devour thy Charms—
Let me closely be Embrac'd—
Then when soft Ideas rise—
And y^e gay Desires grow strong—
Let them Sparkle in thy Eyes—
Let them murmur from thy Tongue
Let them murmur from thy Tongue.

To my Breast with Rapture cling—
Look with Transport on my Face—
Kiss me Press me every thing—
To endear the fond Embrace—
Every tender Name of Love—
In soft Whispers let me hear—
And let Speaking Nature prove—
Every Extacy Sincere!—
Every Extacy Sincere!—

The Secret Kiss.

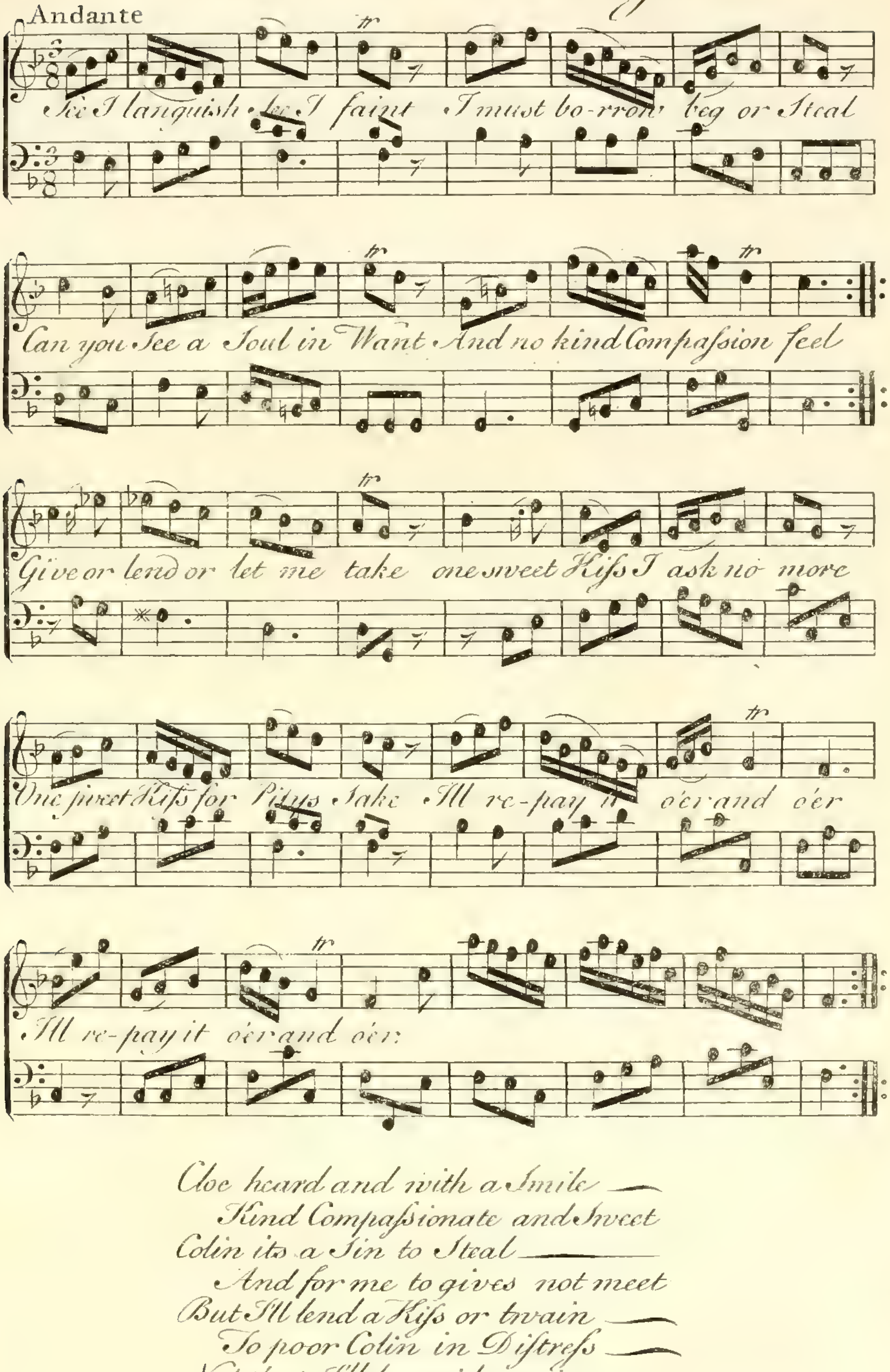
Tender



Since this secret Shade he cry'd
Will those rosy Blushes hide
Why why will you resist
When no tell-tale Spy is near us
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
Who who would not be Kiss'd.

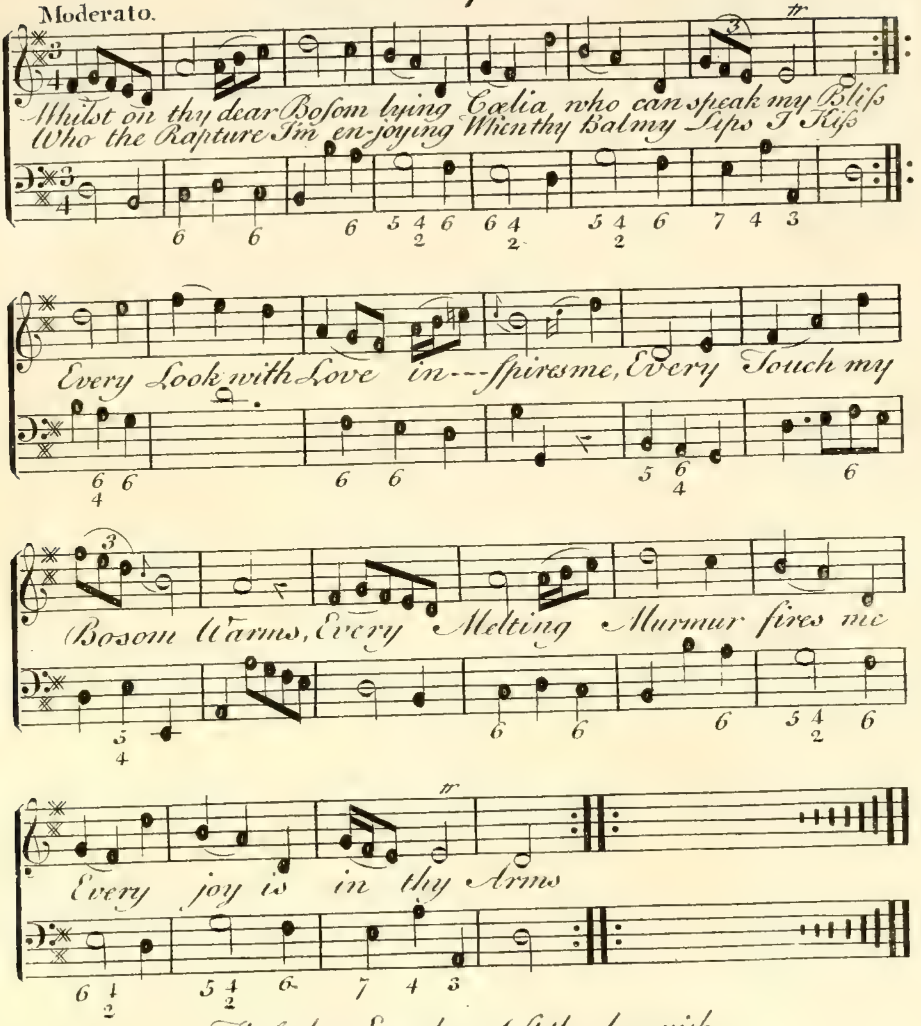
Cœlia hearing what he said
Blushing lifted up her Head
Her Breast soft Wishes fill
Since she cry'd no Spy is near us
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
Kiss-Kiss or what you will.

The Borrow'd Kiſs.



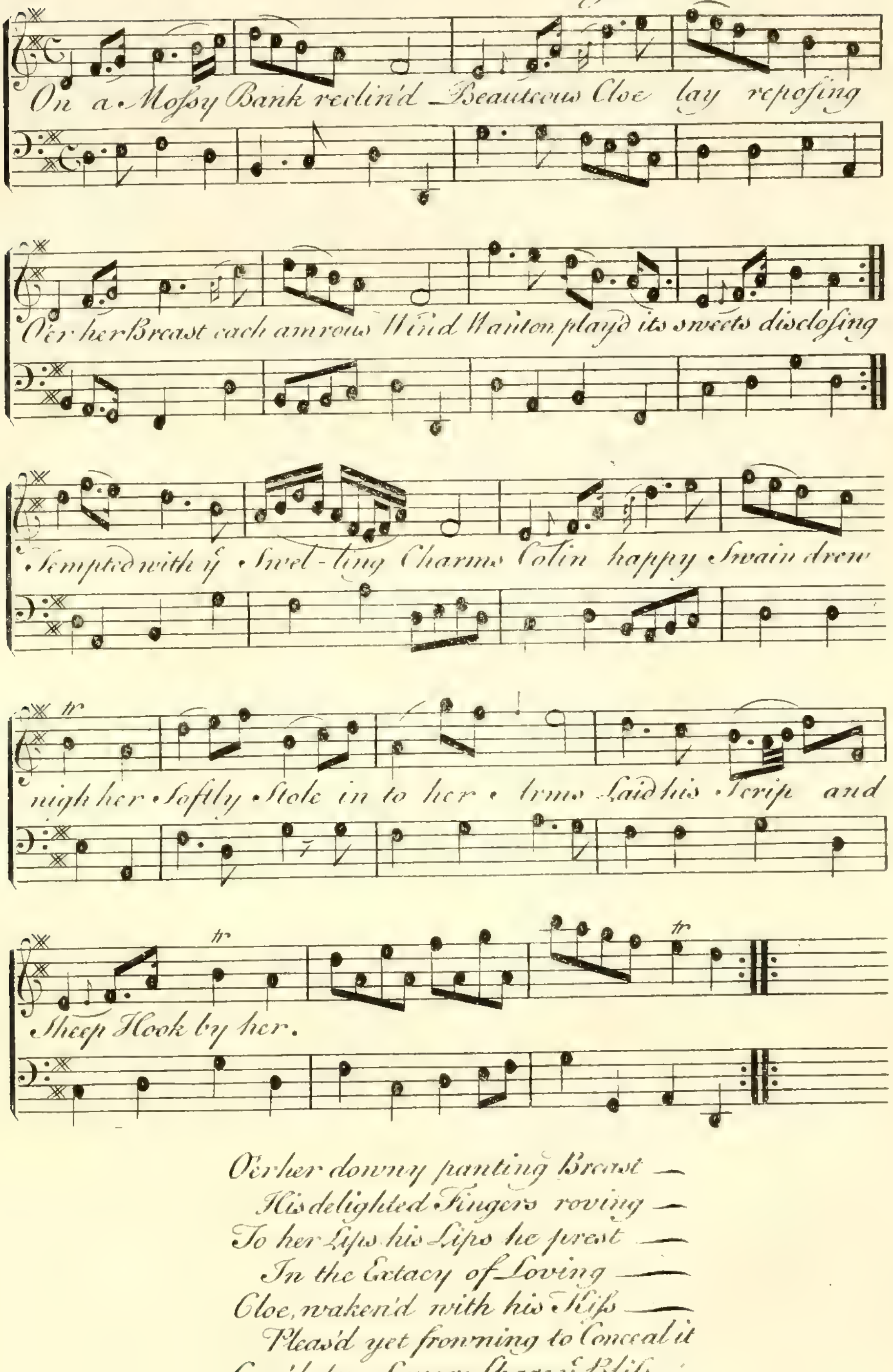
Cloe heard and with a Smile
Kind Compaſsionate and Sweet
Colin its a Sin to Steal
And for me to gives not meet
But I'll lend a Kiſs or twain
To poor Colin in Diſtreſs
Not that I'll be paid again
Colin I mean nothing leſs

The Rapture.



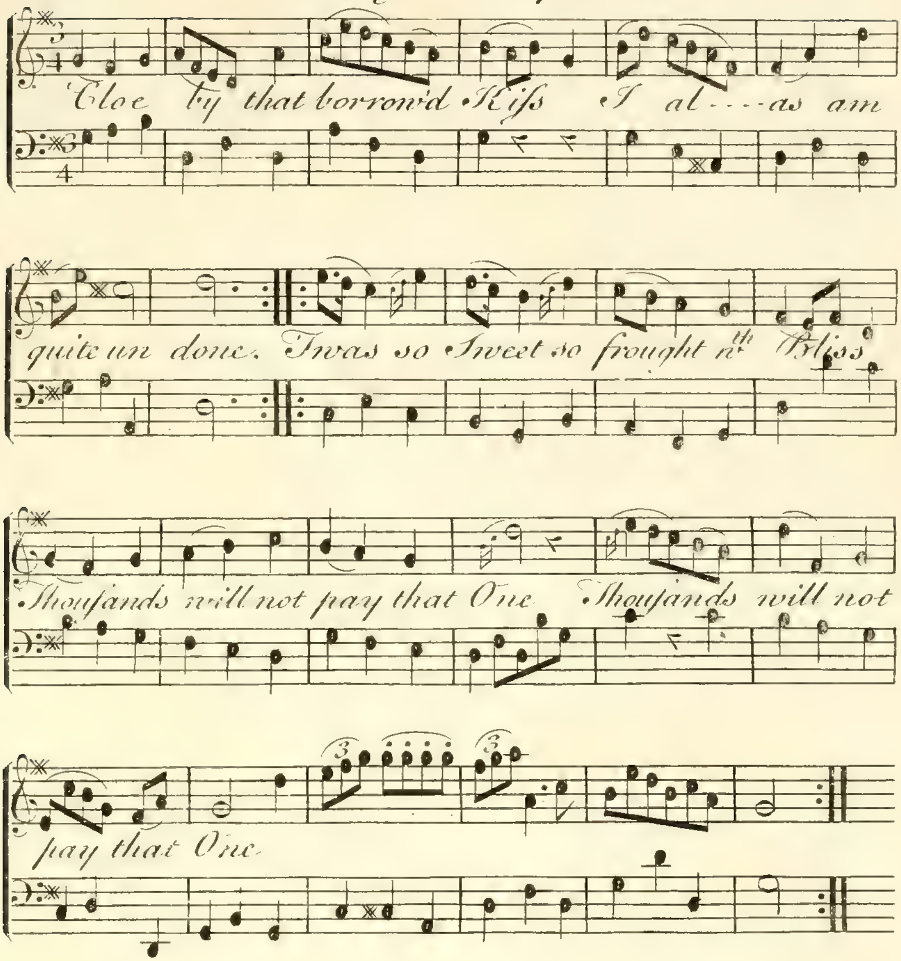
Those dear Eyes how Soft they languish
Feel my heart with Rapture beat —
Pleasure turns almost to Anguish —
When ye Transport is so sweet —
Look not so divinely on me —
Cœlia I shall die with Bliss —
Yet, yet turn those Eyes upon me —
Who'd not die a death like this.

The Stolen Kiss.



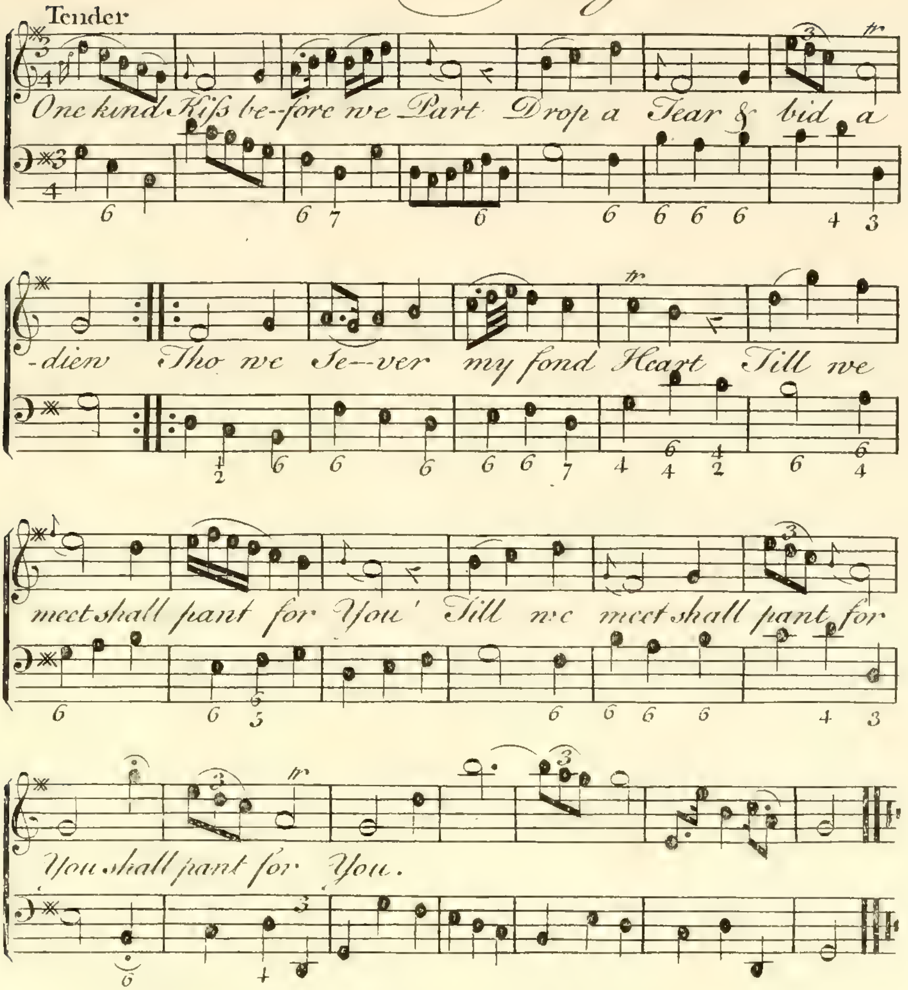
O'er her downy panting Breast —
His delighted Fingers roving —
To her Lips his Lips he prest —
In the Extacy of Loving —
Cloe, waken'd with his Kiss —
Pleas'd yet frowning to Conceal it
Cry'd true Lovers share y^e Bliss —
Why then Colin would you Steal it.

The Kiss Repaid.



Least the Debt should break your Heart
Roguish Cloe smiling Cries,
Come a Thousand then in part
For the present shall Suffice.
For the present shall Suffice.

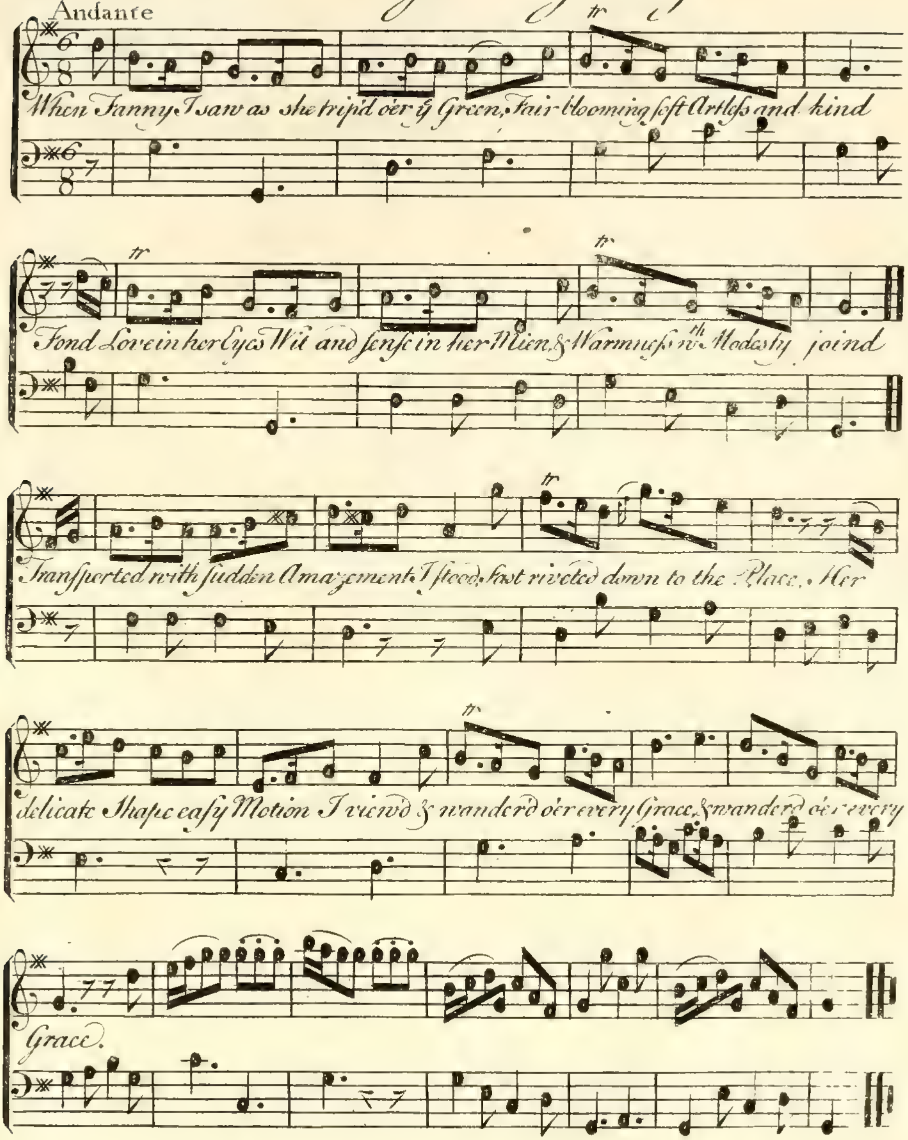
The Parting Kiss.



Yet yet Weep not so my Love
Let me Kiss that falling Tear
Tho' my Body must remove
All my Soul will still be here
All my Soul will still be here
will still be here

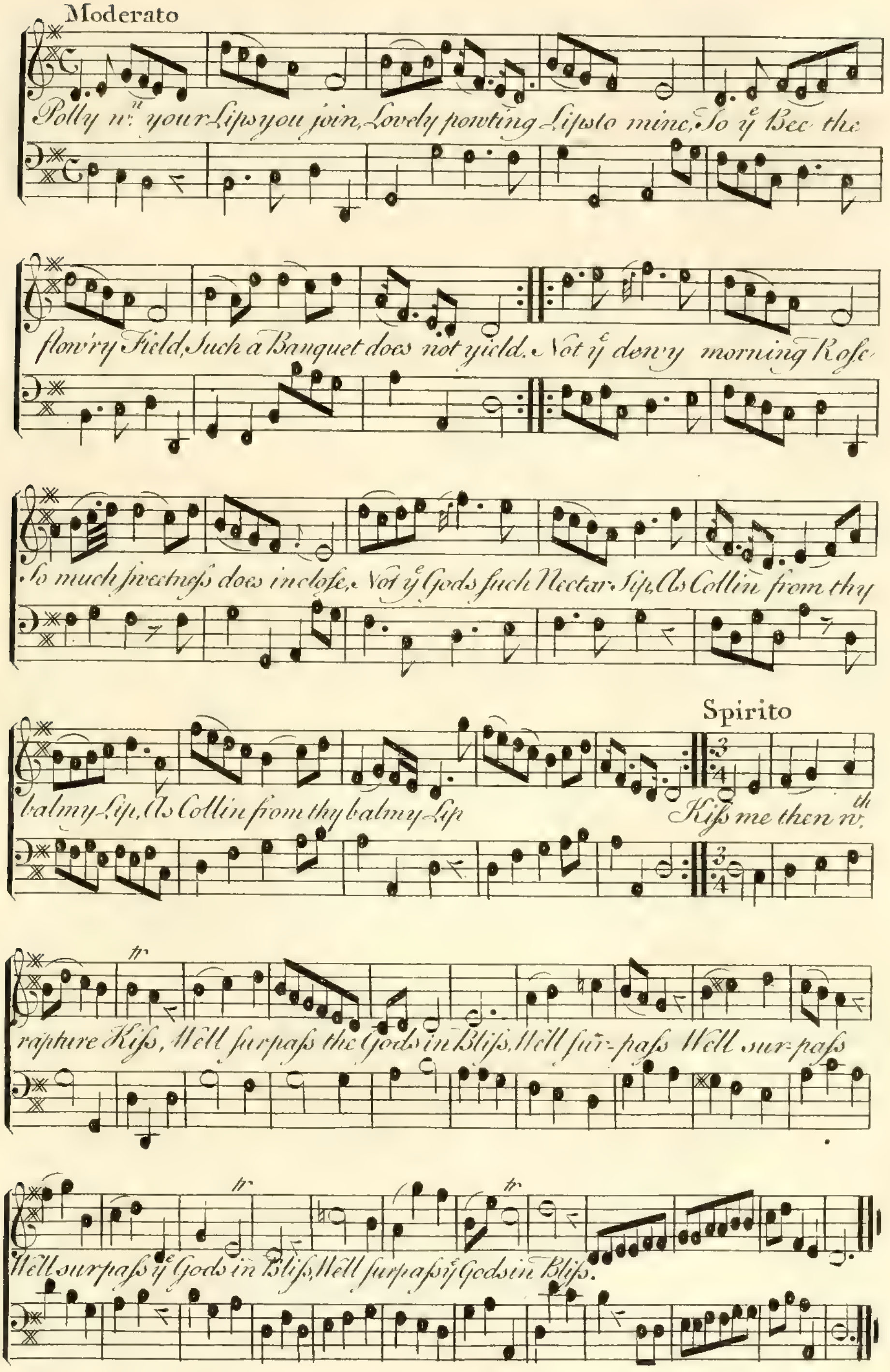
All my Soul and all my Heart
And every Wish shall pant for you
One kind Kiss then ere we part
Drop a Tear and bid Adiew
Drop a Tear and bid Adiew
and bid Adiew

The Imaginary Kiss.

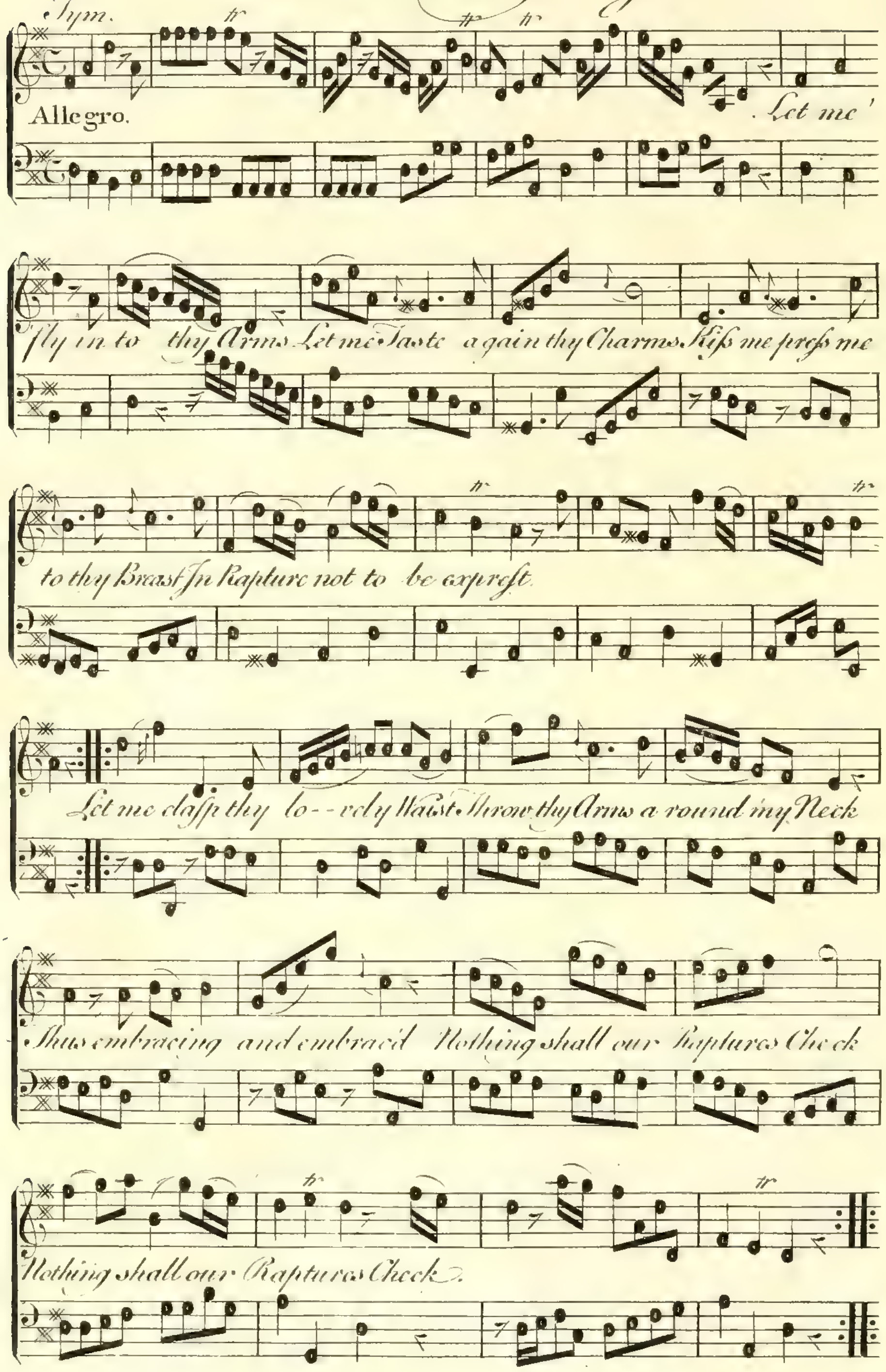


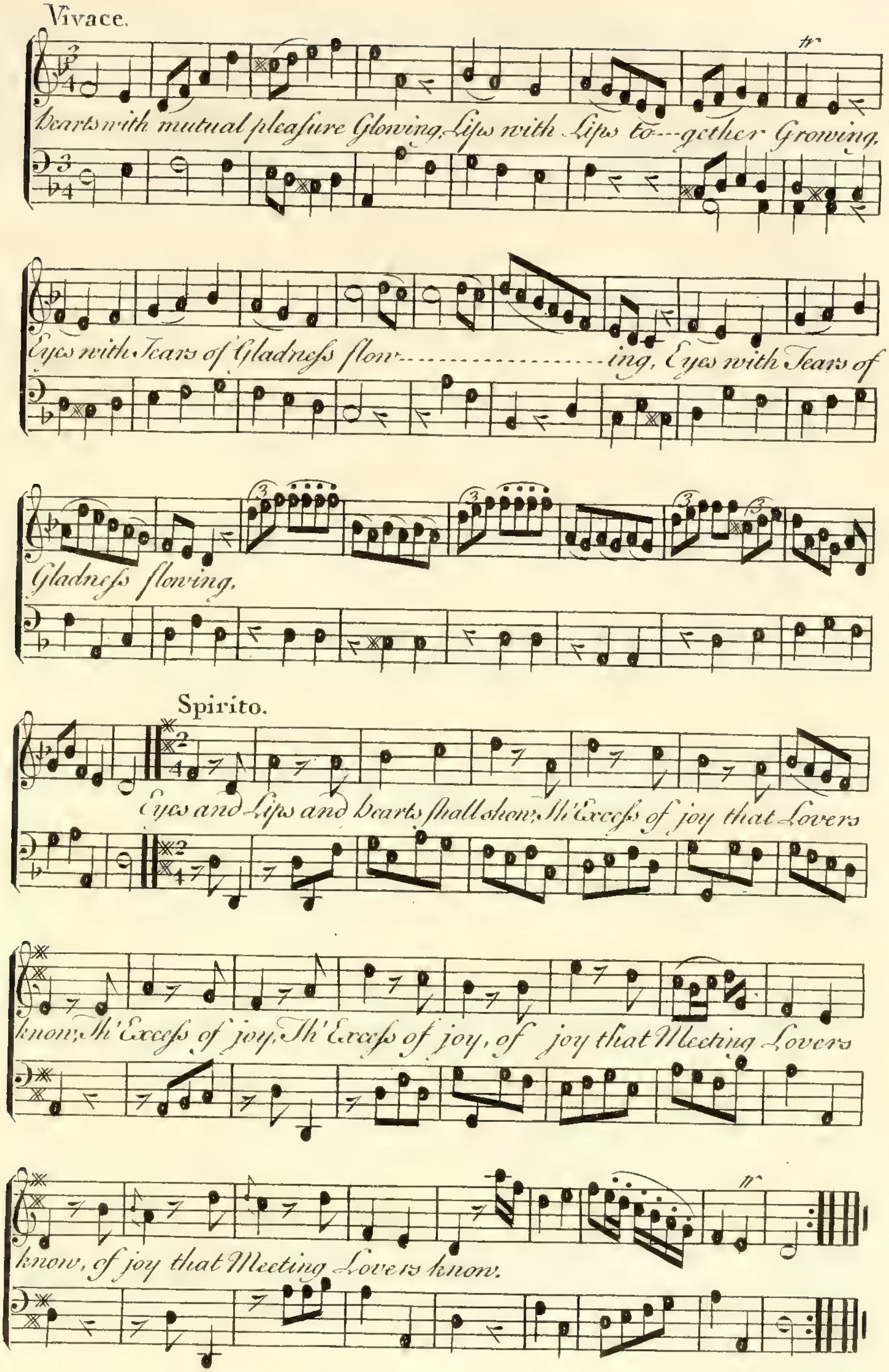
Ye Gods! what Luxuriance of Beauty, I cry,
What Raptures must dwell in her Arms!
On her Lips I could feast, on her Breast I could die
O Fanny, how sweet are thy Charms!
Whilst thus in Idea my Passion I fed,
Soft Transport my Senses invade,
Young Damon step'd up, wth ye Substance he fled,
And left me to kiss the dear Shade.

The Feast.

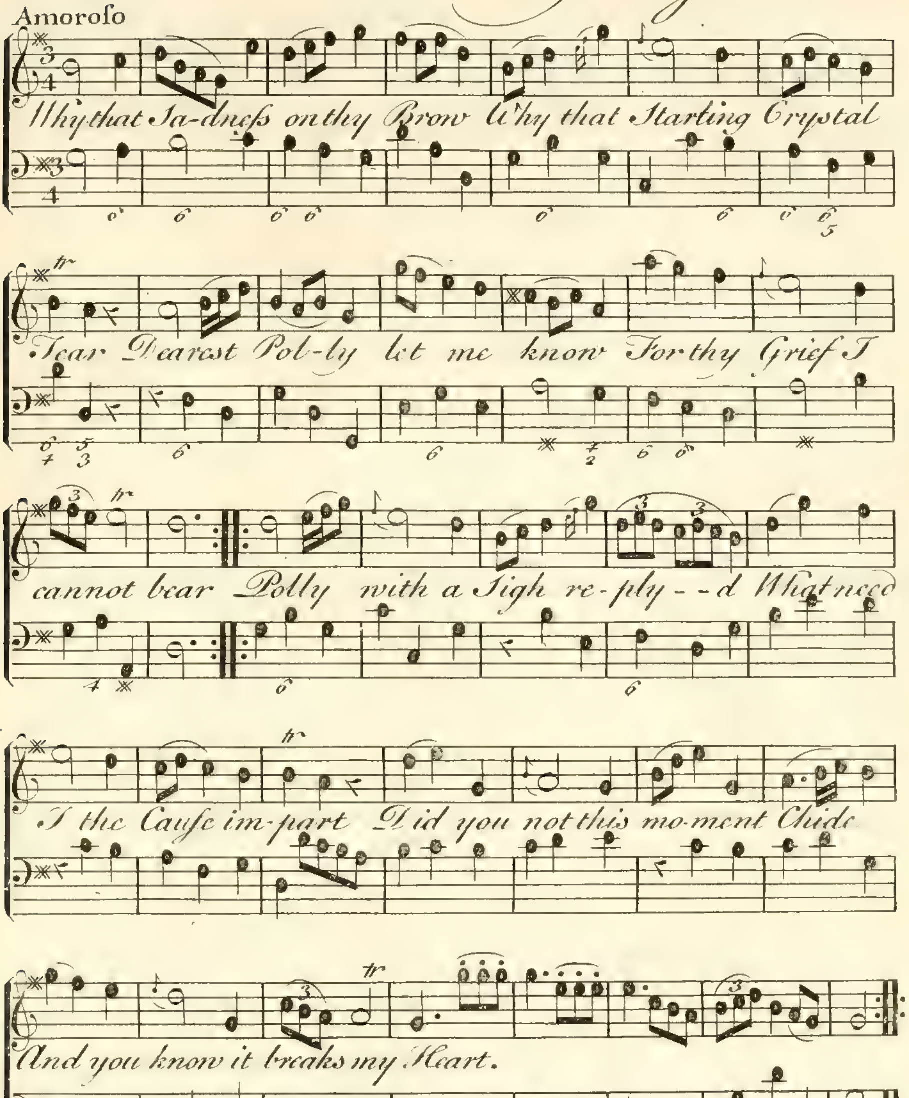

Moderato
Polly wn your Lips you join, Lovely powting Lips to mine, So ye Bee the
flow'ry Field, Such a Banquet does not yield. Not ye dewy morning Rose
So much sweetness does inclose, Not ye Gods such Nectar Sip, As Collin from thy
balmy Lip, As Collin from thy balmy Lip
Spirito
Kiss me then wth
rapture Kiss, Well surpass the Gods in Bliss, Well sur-pass Well sur-pass
Well surpass ye Gods in Bliss, Well surpass ye Gods in Bliss.

The Meeting Kiss.




Vivace.
tr
Hearts with mutual pleasure Glowing, Lips with Lips to---gether Growing,
Eyes with Tears of Gladness flow------------------ing, Eyes with Tears of
Gladness flowing.
Spirito.
Eyes and Lips and Hearts shall show, Th' Excess of joy that Lovers
know, Th' Excess of joy, Th' Excess of joy, of joy that Meeting Lovers
tr
know, of joy that Meeting Lovers know.

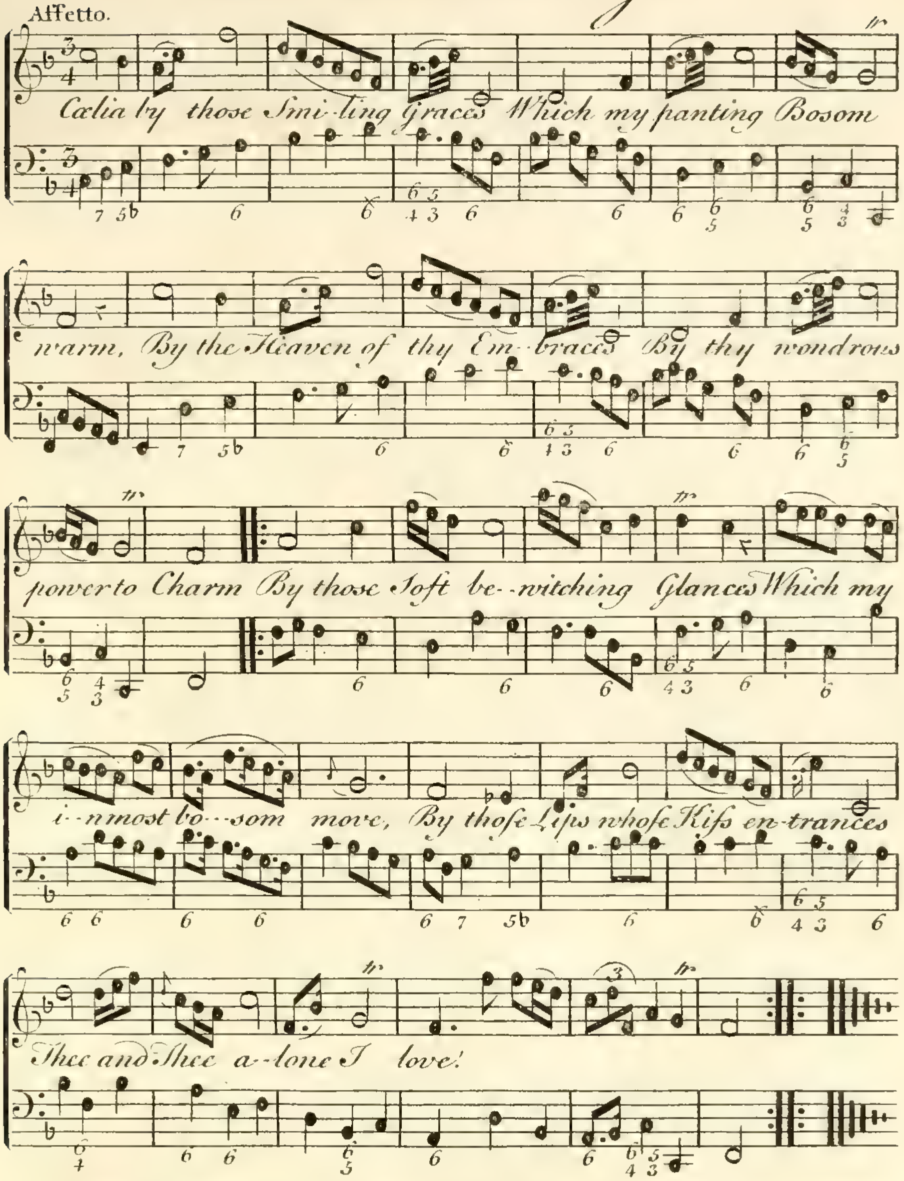
The Reconciling Kiss.



Colin melting as she spoke—
Caught y^e^ Fair one in his Arms
O my dear that tender Look—
Every passion quite disarms
By this dear relenting Kiss—
I'd no anger in my Thought—
Come my Love by this & this—
Let our Quarrel be forgot.—

As when sudden Stormy Rain
Every drooping Flowrett spoils
When the Sun shines out again—
All y^e^ Face of Nature smiles
Polly so reviv'd and cheard—
By her Colins kind Embrace—
Her declining Head upreard—
Sweetly Smiling in her Face!

The Mutual Kiss.



By thy Godlike Art of loving,
Cælia with a Blush replies,
By thy heavenly power of moving,
All my Soul to Sympathize,
By those eager soft Caresses,
By those Arms around me thrown
By that Look which Truth expresses,
My fond Heart is all thy own.

Thus with glowing Inclination,
They indulge y^e tender Bliss,
And to bind the lasting Passion
Seal it with a mutual Kiss;
Close in fond Embraces lying,
They together seem to grow,
Such Supream Delight enjoying,
As true Lovers only know.